

THE EVENING BULLETIN.

VOLUME X.

MAYSVILLE, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890.

NUMBER 28.



BOY INSTEAD OF A GIRL.

A NEW BRUNSWICK WOMAN SOLVES THE SERVANT QUESTION.

The Little Negro Came on Trial for a Week, but He Liked the Place So Well He Has Adopted the Family—He Does Housework as Well as a Girl.

"I think," said Mrs. Henry Archibald, as she settled herself in one of the comfortable seats in the ladies' parlor of the parish building to wait for the opening of the meeting of the New Brunswick Married Women's guild, "that I have got right down to the bottom of the hired girl question."

"Oh, dear, I wish I could say as much!" responded Mrs. Oxtoby, with a sigh. "Have you secured that perfect jewel of a girl we have been looking for all our lives?"

"No, I have not. I have got down so far that I have no girl at all."

"No girl at all!"

"None at all. I've got a boy—a little colored boy."

"Good gracious! Why, of what earthly use to you is a little colored boy? What can he do?"

"Well, that is pretty hard to say. I have only had him three days, and during that time I find that he can do anything I tell him to do, and a good many more things that I don't want him to do. But, do you know, I rather like 'the little moko,' as my husband calls him. He is a new sensation and keeps us all alive."

"Where did you get him?"

"The other morning when Mr. Archibald was going out I said to him: 'Henry, that last girl has gone off. I wish you would send me a little boy to carry coal and sweep the pavement. Neither Matilda nor I is able to do such things, and we wouldn't want to if we were able.' About 9 o'clock that morning a little, short, chubby, bullet headed, bright eyed colored boy came into the out kitchen where Matilda was making an effort to wash the breakfast dishes. The first thing I heard was Matilda in argument with him:

TAKEN UNDER PROTEST.

"I have nothing for you. Get away from here."

"I doesn't want nuffin."

"Well, clear out, then."

"I's gwine to wuk."

"Clear out, I tell you! Whack! Whack!"

"Now, you jess let me alone, you gal. Ef you don't, afoh de Lawd I s'prise ye!"

"I thought it was time to interfere, and went out. Matilda had broken the broom over him, and the boy was backed up in a corner preparing to ward off an attack with the rolling pin. I told Matilda to desist, and asked the boy what he wanted.

"Geman downtown done tolle me to come heah to wuk."

"Was it Mr. Archibald?"

"Dunno, ma'am. He were a fat, four-eyed man, an' he had done slipped froo his han."

"That must be your father," I said to Matilda. She glared at the boy, who dodged and threw up his hands as if expecting a blow.

"What is your name?"

"Silas Moorehouse, ma'am. My mammy lives on Cream ridge, an' I'se a strong boy for 12 years old," he rattled off as if he were saying a lesson. "I'll do anything you wants, ma'am, cose I'se willin' to wuk an I'se offle hungry."

"Poor little soul!" said Matilda, "he shan't be hungry around here," and in a minute she had a big piece of pie in the boy's fist.

"Well, the boy ate his pie, carried coal, finished washing the dishes, swept up the kitchen and cleaned up the yard. Then he had his dinner, and was washing up the dishes again when there came a prolonged whistle from the alley alongside the house.

"'Scuse me a minute," said Silas and ran out. In a second there was a terrible fight going on outside the alley, with noise enough for a dozen people in a row. I nearly fainted, thinking somebody was going to be killed from the noise they were making, but Matilda went out and leaned on the fence. In five minutes Silas had sent his adversary howling out of the alley, and Matilda came in holding Silas at arm's length to keep his nose from bleeding on her dress. She put his head under the hydrant, washed his face, bathed his nose and finally got the bleeding stopped.

MAKES HIMSELF SOLID.

"Silas, you're a young hero," said Matilda soothingly. "You licked him, didn't you?"

"Course I did. I ain't gwine to have no wuffus young niggahs a-foolin' aroun' my place of business."

"From that time Silas was Matilda's friend. He did his work well, and appeared happy over it, for he whistled until he made my head ache, and when he polished the stove he did it with two brushes, beating time with noise enough for a drum corps.

"The first night when the work was done I said to Silas: 'That is all to-night. You can come back about 7 o'clock in the morning,' and I gave him fifty cents. He gave me a strange, wistful look, and saying 'Good night, ma'am,' went out, shutting the kitchen door softly after him. I thought no more of the matter until I came down in the morning to find Silas sitting in front of the stove with his feet in a bucket of hot water and Matilda giving him hot coffee.

"What is the matter with Silas?" I asked Matilda.

"Nothing much, mother," she answered, "only I found him nearly perished with cold out in the woodshed, where he has been all night."

"Why, child," I said, "why did you not go home?"

"I isn't gwine home no moah."

"Why, Silas? Why won't you go home?"

"Ef I go back to de ridge dey'll club me and take my fifty cents away."

"Gradually I got the boy's story from him. His father and mother were both dead, and he had no home in reality. The story he had told me about his mother on Cream ridge had been taught him by the idle and worthless colored people who sent him out to hunt work and took his money from him whenever he earned any. The

second night Silas slept in a warm bed in the garret, and was the first one up in the house in the morning. When Matilda came down he had a roaring fire in the kitchen, the kettle boiling and the front pavement swept. He told her confidentially as he took his half dollar out of his mouth and handed it to her:

"I'se nevah gwine away from heah no moah. I'se done 'dapted, you and you mother an' you fodder, an' I don't need no wages!"—New York World.

Mulleted by a Newsboy.

Two men jumped upon the front platform of a Broadway car the other night. At the same moment an agile little newsboy sprang upon the rear. Quietly he wormed his way through the maze of passengers, drew back the slide in the front door, tapped upon the glass and received two nickels in his outstretched palm.

The passengers who had been mulleted as is usual with patrons of the front platform, never looked behind them to see who was receiving their money.

The newsboy turned around, sold a paper or two, went out the front door and swung himself off the car just as the conductor came up and viciously jerked back the change slide. Nobody paid any attention to him.

"Fares, please," he shouted as he opened the door.

Nobody moved except to stare blankly at the conductor, and then gaze blankly at each other.

"Jim," said the fare collector to the driver, "didn't you signal me that there were two fares here?"

"Yes; there they are!"

The men protested that they had paid. For a moment things looked very squarely. Then a man remarked that he had seen a newsboy get off the car a moment before, and suggested that perhaps he had stolen the money.

"What sort of a looking boy was he?" inquired the conductor.

He was described.

"That's him, confound him!" exclaimed the conductor angrily. "He's done the trick on me before, but he won't do it again."

It is said that this urchin regularly taps the Broadway and other car lines in a similar fashion.—New York Herald.

Courting on a Street Car.

A trim looking young woman got aboard an up town surface car a night or two ago. The car was by no means filled, but she didn't try to get a seat, and she didn't even enter the door, but stood on the rear platform and leaned against the rail. It was a chilly night, and she and the conductor had the platform to themselves. The other passengers looked out in some surprise at the sight, and beheld the pair enter into conversation. That it was not their first meeting by any means was evident as his adoption of the vocation of an itinerant preacher.

For thirty years he followed this calling, doing a great deal of missionary work, and becoming well known over a large area of New York state and western New England.

Early in 1887 he had abandoned his preaching, being advanced in years and desirous of living more quietly, and had taken up again his old trade of carpentering.

His health was still good, and he worked twelve or thirteen hours a day in preference to nine or ten.

In what follows it is well to remember Professor James' assurance of his conviction that the man in question is sincere, free from deception and a genuine subject of strange physical phenomena.

THE CANDY MERCHANT.

One day, while living at Greene, R. I., he suddenly disappeared from home. Every effort was made to find him, but to no avail. He was completely lost.

Two months later, in Norristown, Pa., a man named Brown, who kept a little candy store, woke up in the middle of the night and found himself in a strange place. His bed was strange, the room in which he lay was strange, and the shop into which he groped his way was so unfamiliar that he became thoroughly alarmed. Fearing he would be taken for a burglar, he cried for help. The neighbors rushed out in the night and discovered Brown, the candy merchant, in an unaccountable state.

"Where am I? Who am I? Who are you?" he cried, in great perturbation.

They thought their neighbor must have suddenly gone crazy. When told that his name was Brown he denied it, and gave as his name that of the erstwhile preacher and carpenter of Rhode Island.

The village doctor was called upon for advice. He saw in the case something different from ordinary mania, but still he thought it was mania. However, he communicated with Brown's alleged relatives in Rhode Island, and, to be sure, Brown's assertions concerning himself were found to be true.

But Brown now had no recollection of his experience in the candy store, nor did he know how he got there or how he left Rhode Island.

The case became noised abroad and was investigated by a Philadelphia physician, but with no results.

All that was known was that the man had been away from home two months, six weeks of which he had spent at Norristown, but the remaining fortnight was a blank to him and could be explained by nobody else.

In the course of time the circumstances reached the notice of Professor James. The man was now again at home, peacefully pursuing his trade of carpenter. The professor visited him and found him to be a hard headed, matter-of-fact Yankee. After considerable persuasion he was induced to come to Cambridge and be hypnotized. The professor thought that in a hypnotic trance the man might remember his Brown experience. And so he did. This is the most valuable phase of the phenomenon from a physical point of view.

WHEN HYPNOTIZED.

He was very readily hypnotized, and as soon as we passed into the trance began to talk of Norristown and the candy store. He also explained those two weeks that had been up to this time a mystery to everybody. While prosaic enough, his account was perfectly circumstantial. Having conceived a notion that some trouble was in store for him at home, he got on a horse car one day and rode to Pawtucket, proceeded thence to New York, stopped one night at the Grand Union hotel, went on to Philadelphia, put up a couple of nights at a hotel and then took a room at a boarding house.

While there, seeing an advertisement of a small business for sale in Norristown, he went to that place, which he had never visited before, and set himself up in trade.

Such was his story when he was in the hypnotic state, and in that state he could remember nothing of his former or normal condition. On the other hand, while in his waking state he had no recollection of his Brown experience subsequent to his boarding the horse car to ride to Pawtucket, nor could he tell why he started on this trip.

His Brown personality was, as Professor James put it, a weak, insipid, diluted extract of his normal personality. In the two states he was two entirely different men.

He was hypnotized many times and attempts were made by all sorts of artifices to effect at least a partial fusion of his Brown condition and his normal condition, but these efforts were quite unsuccessful.

DUAL PERSONALITY.

A QUEER STORY TOLD BY PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

The Wonderful Case of a Man Who Was Somebody Else for Two Months—When Hypnotized He Could Recall Every Detail of His Experience.

Professor William James describes a case of double personality of the so called ambulatory type, the investigation of which he has just concluded.

The subject is a man, now about 60 years of age residing in a small place near Pawtucket, R. I. This person was a carpenter until 1857, when, by a strange visitation of Providence, he was induced to adopt altogether different habits of life. He had been an atheist. One day, while walking in the open country, he thought he heard a voice saying:

"Go to the chapel, go to the chapel."

"To what the chapel?" he inquired of his invisible monitor.

"To the Christian chapel," was the reply.

Now the carpenter was on unfriendly terms with the minister of the Christian chapel, and he exclaimed aloud:

"Before I go to that place I hope God may strike me deaf, dumb and blind."

Instantly he fell to the earth, enveloped in darkness and silence, and without the power of speech.

The events which followed, as Professor James said in telling this part of the story, were such as generally occur in cases of the same sort, which are frequent in religious history. Suffice it to say that the events culminated in the man's restoration to his senses, in his conversion and in his adoption of the vocation of an itinerant preacher.

For thirty years he followed this calling, doing a great deal of missionary work, and becoming well known over a large area of New York state and western New England.

Early in 1887 he had abandoned his preaching, being advanced in years and desirous of living more quietly, and had taken up again his old trade of carpentering.

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EVENING BULLETIN.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.
ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Proprietors.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890

Man's Genius.

In the manufacture of boots and shoes the work it took 500 operatives to do years ago is now done by 100.

In making bread-boxes three workers can do the work of thirteen box-makers by old methods.

In cutting out clothing and cloth caps with dies, one worker does the work of three by old methods.

In making tin cans one man and a boy with modern appliances can do the work of ten workmen by the old process.

A carpet measuring and brushing machine with one operator will do the work of fifteen men by the old methods.

In leather manufacture modern methods have reduced the necessary number of workers from 5 to 50 per cent.

In the manufacture of flour modern improvements save 75 per cent of the manual labor that was once necessary.

By the use of coal mining machines 160 miners in a month can mine as much coal in the same time as 500 miners by the old methods.

The horse-power of steam used in the United States on railways, steamers and in factories and mines was in 1888, 12,100,000, against 1,610,000 in 1850.

One boy in turning wood-work and materials for musical instruments performs the work of twenty-five men by the old methods.

In nailing on shoe heels one worker and a boy with machinery can heel 300 pairs of shoes per day. It would require five workers to do the same by hand.

Nuisances at the Theater.

There are a great many annoying little things that happen at the theater to mar the pleasure of a play. The man who comes late and has a seat in the middle of the row you are in is a fearful bore. He steps on your feet and that makes one feel in a savage mood.

Then there is the fellow who folds his programme all up during the play, and rumples it with a crackling noise that drowns every thing.

There is the woman who weeps so lavishly that you are reminded of a funeral.

There is the man who thinks it displays a higher order of genius and a keen knowledge of the drama to titter and laugh at all sentiment and pathos.

There is the talking girl who rattles away utterly oblivious to the angry glances and muttered expressions of disgust of the people who would like to hear the play.

There is the woman who raises her opera-glasses to her eyes with both arms and shuts off the entire landscape.

There is the high hat.

There is the man who tries to spread out over three seats. He sits on one and stretches his arms out over two others.

There is the man with the laugh like a calliope, and the man who giggles all the time.

There is the girl who has seen the play before and insists on telling every body about it.

There is the man who is bored and bæsæ.

I have reserved the worst of all as the last. Words can not express the measure of the hate that is felt for him. I'll name him without a single vituperative adjective. He is the man who goes out between the acts.—Kansas City Star.

Democratic Dogs in Wisconsin.

The Democrats up in Wisconsin will never get through jubilating over their victory. I was up at Janesville the other day. I thought I would stop over there and rest. In the evening the landlord asked me if I had heard the news from Wisconsin. I asked him what news, and he began talking about the election. I stopped him short by telling him that I had been kept awake nights by brass bands and hurrahs until I was nervous.

"Everything is Democratic," he said. "Even the dogs. Ever see a Democratic dog? I said no. Then he went out to the back yard and brought in a yellow mastiff about as big as a six month calf."

"Hurrah for George Peck!" said the man to the mastiff, and the dog jumped up and down as if he had struck a hornet's nest, and was quite demonstrative.

"Was it the little red school house?" asked the master. The mastiff whined, by which I was informed that the dog was friendly to the said school house.

"Was it McKinley?" asked the master. And the mastiff rolled over on his back and stuck up his feet. By this demonstration I was informed that the dog meant to convey the idea that McKinley is a dead duck. Now, what else can you expect but a Democratic avalanche in a State where even the dogs are in it?—Chicago Tribune.

Horticultural Hints.

At a meeting of a Michigan Horticultural Society the following practical hints were given:

The quince can be raised from cuttings, cut either in fall or spring. If cut in the autumn they should be laid on the grass and covered with leaves or boards.

Runners on grape vines should be cut off during the growing season if the vine is a strong grower; otherwise not. In the last case simply rub off a portion of the buds as they begin to start.

Plant grape vines eight feet apart, and twelve feet apart in the rows, unless land is very high in price.

The Clinton grape is not worth much except for jelly.

When grapes sell at 2 cents a pound raise better varieties, such as Delaware, which always brings a good price.

Salem, Niagara and Agawam have fair keeping qualities. Concord is not a good keeper.

VERY APPROPRIATE

The Kentucky Home Cook Book—New and Revised Edition.

This book has become so popular that no introduction to the public is needed.

It is a book of receipts contributed, after tests proving their excellence, by Kentucky ladies, which is a guarantee of its merit.

The receipts have been compiled under the auspices of the Mite Society of the M. E. Church, South, Maysville.

It has become very popular and is having a large sale.

It is a very appropriate and suitable thing for a Christmas present to a lady.

Price, \$1.50.

It may be found at:

Kackley & McDougle's, Second street;

J. C. Pecor's drug store, Second street;

Miss Lou Powling's millinery store, Second street.

Harry Jaylory's, Second street.

Orders will receive prompt attention if addressed to

MISS ALLIE BASCOM,

Secretary,

1127 Maysville, Ky.

Here and There.

Miss Bettie Welsh, of St. Joseph, Mo., is the guest of Miss Margaret Finch.

Mr. John Lynch, of Chicago, is here spending the holidays with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Nicholson, of Canton, O., are visiting his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Nicholson.

Mr. and Mrs. George Bowman and little son, Frank, of Cincinnati, are spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Smith.

Mr. Mark Donovan, the clever and gentlemanly junior proprietor of the Winchester Democrat, is spending the holidays with his parents in this city.

Mr. James K. Lloyd returned from the East Christmas Eve, ate Christmas turkey with his family and left last night for a trip through Virginia in the interest of the Pettibone Manufacturing Company, of Cincinnati.

Stock and Crops.

A Shelby County farmer reports 13 young lambs already.

Colonel R. G. Stoner, of Paris, sold five Baron Wilkes colts for \$10,000 the past week.

Thomas Moberly, of Madison County, has a Short-horn bull that weighs 2,800 pounds.

J. F. McCord, of this county, got \$22.50 per hundred for a hogshead of tobacco at Cincinnati. Campbell & McCormick, of Adams County, got \$24 per hundred for one hoghead.

The Winchester Democrat says: "Little or no tobacco has been sold yet. The buyers and sellers are decidedly apart in their views and indeed buyers are not anxious to take hold at any price. They are waiting to see the outcome of the fight between the farmers and the warehouse combination and are also waiting to see the result of the present financial flurry. Corn is selling at \$2.25 to \$2.50 per barrel in various parts of the county."

The Railways.

The Louisa & South-eastern Railway has been organized. The following directors have been elected: H. E. Huntington, President; Jay H. Northup, Vice-President; F. T. D. Wallace, Attorney; S. S. Vinson, Secretary. Arrangement will be made at once and work commenced as soon as practicable. This link will connect the N. & W. with the O. & B. S.

The earnings of the C. & O. road for the third week of December show an increase of \$5,159.88 over those for the corresponding week of last year. The figures are:

1890.....\$132,930.68
1891.....127,770.80

Increase.....\$ 5,159.88

W. J. McKee, formerly Superintendent of the Cincinnati division of the C. & O., has been appointed Trainmaster of the Central Georgia, with headquarters at Savannah.

Dropped Dead.

Mr. Charles Smoot, Sr., dropped dead Wednesday morning at the home of Mr. W. P. Smoot, in Fern Leaf precinct. Deceased had been in feeble health for some time but was not complaining more than usual that morning. After breakfast, he went to his room on the second floor and was heard to fall on entering it. Members of the household hastened to his apartment and found him lying on the floor dead. It was a case of paralysis of the heart.

Deceased was about seventy-five years of age, and was a brother of Mrs. Dr. A. H. Wall, of this city, and also of the late Henry Smoot and Wm. E. Smoot. He was unmarried. His remains were placed at rest this morning in the cemetery at this place, after funeral services, at 10 o'clock, at the home of Mr. W. P. Smoot.

Entitled to the Best.

All are entitled to the best that their money will buy, so every family should have, at once, a bottle of the best family remedy, Syrup of Figs, to cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 30c. and \$1 bottles by leading druggists.

SCHOOL NOTES.

MAYSICK—NO. 13

Here is a banner school. The house is a tractive in appearance; roomy, convenient, well lighted and ventilated, and finely located, with ample play ground. It needs shade trees; a few feathery sprouts have been planted, but I apprehend that the present generation will not enjoy the shade from these trees. Let us observe Arbor Day and let the scholars with appropriate exercises plant some good maple and oak saplings. It will be a pleasant recollection in after years, when school days have long gone by, for an old pupil to say as they pass by, "there is the spot where I went to school and the shade trees which I helped to plant, and under which we spent many happy hours," and repeat "Tytre tu recubans sub tegmine patulæ Fagi."

But, enter the school rooms. There is neither shade nor shadow there. The principal is Prof. Milton Johnson, and the assistant teacher is Miss Addie Yancey. Prof. Johnson is a gentleman of fine attainments and good scholarship. He is full of zeal in his calling and has a happy faculty of infusing his zeal and enthusiasm into his pupils. We had an admirable recitation in general history, also in geography. I was much pleased with his topical method. In this school, not only the common school curriculum is taught, but likewise higher branches. Among these scholars there is no appearance of *mamaïs haute*, but they manifest their inner consciousness of being thoroughly prepared, by not only their readiness, but their eagerness to give answers. Prof. Johnson does not yield a slavish following to text books, but makes the subjects in hand his text. We discovered very bright, intelligent scholars in this school, and there is no reason why boys and girls may not complete their education here.

In Miss Yancey's room we found a room full of bright young faces, rather too many for one teacher. Miss Yancey is overworked here, but her scholars are under most excellent control and seem to be much interested. The total number of scholars in this school is ninety-eight; attendance eighty. Some of these come a distance of four miles, and we fear some other districts are encroaching upon Mayslick district.

We made a long visit to this very interesting school, and bade farewell with feelings of regret that we could not remain longer. The trustees are J. J. Yancey, Andrew T. Fox, J. D. Raymond, and they are faithful in the discharge of their duties. G. W. BLATTERMAN, Superintendent.

FOR MAYOR—We are authorized to announce T. W. WHEATLEY as a candidate for Mayor at the city election in January, 1891.

FOR MAYOR—We are authorized to announce E. PEAKER, JR., as a candidate for re-election to the office of Mayor of the city of Maysville at the January election, 1891.

FOR MAYOR—We are authorized to announce E. W. FITZGERALD as a candidate for Mayor of the city of Maysville at the January election, 1891.

FOR CITY MARCHAL—We are authorized to announce JOHN P. WALLACE as a candidate for City Marshal at the January election, 1891.

FOR CITY CLERK—We are authorized to announce O. E. COLLINS as a candidate for City Clerk at the January election, 1891.

FOR CITY CLERK—We are authorized to announce MARTIN A. O'HARE as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Clerk, January election, 1891.

FOR COUNCILMAN—At the solicitation of many friends and good citizens, I announce myself as a candidate for City Councilman in the Third ward of the city of Maysville at the January election, 1891. J. WES. LEE.

FOR COUNCILMAN—We are authorized to announce H. R. BIERBOWER as a candidate for Councilman from the Third ward at the January election, 1891.

FOR COUNCILMAN—We are authorized to announce ROBERT FULKIN as a candidate for Councilman from Fourth ward at the January election, 1891.

FOR COUNCILMAN—We are authorized to announce ALBERT N. HUFF as a candidate for re-election to the office of City Assessor at the ensuing January election.

Maysville Retail Market.

COFFEE, per pound.....	25@27
MOLASSES—new crop, per gallon.....	50@65
Golden Syrup.....	40@50
Sorghum, fancy new.....	40@50
SUGAR—Yellow, per pound.....	6@7
EXTRA C, per pound.....	7@8
ANIS, per pound.....	7@8
GRANULATED, per pound.....	7@8
Powdered, per pound.....	10
New Orleans, per pound.....	50@100
COAL OIL—Headlight, per gallon.....	15
BACON—Breakfast, per pound.....	10@12
Clear sides, per pound.....	12@14
Hams, per pound.....	9@10
Shoulder, per pound.....	10@12
BAKING—Per gallon.....	20@25
BUTTER—Per pound.....	12@15
CHICKENS—Each.....	20@25
EGGS—Per dozen.....	25
FLOWER—Limestone, per barrel.....	6@25
Oil Gold, per barrel.....	6@25
Maysville Fancy, per barrel.....	6@25
Mason County, per barrel.....	5@25
ROSE BUD—Per barrel.....	6@25
Maysville Family, per barrel.....	5@25
Morning Glory, per barrel.....	5@25
Roiler King, per barrel.....	6@25
Graham, per sack.....	15@20
HONEY—Per pound.....	10@15
HOMINY—Per gallon.....	20
MEAL—Per peck.....	20
LARD—Per pound.....	5@6
ONIONS—Per peck, new.....	50
POTATOES—Per peck, new.....	40
APPLES—Per peck, new.....	61

ANNOUNCEMENT.

FOR MAYOR—We are authorized to announce T. W. WHEATLEY as a candidate for Mayor at the city election in January, 1891.

A TIDAL WAVE OF LEATHER

Is rolling mountain high toward every point of the compass from our Emporium. The reduction sale begun by us on the 20th instant marks an epoch in the history of the Shoe trade of Maysville beyond all precedent. While we expected an increased business in view of the qualities offered and prices announced, we did not look for the immense volume of trade that has come en masse upon us, and which continues without one jot of abatement.

While it taxes to the utmost limit the strength of our force to wait on this ceaseless on-rush of trade, we are determined to hold out to the date of the close of our reduction sale as advertised. As we have said, the cut is deep, but we will not flinch. We must get rid of our excess of stock, and will give the people the benefit of our unheard-of drive-prices in order to do it.

We would give warning that the closing date of our special offerings is drawing nigh, and those who may desire to participate in our once-in-a-lifetime bargains should be careful to note it and not let a rare chance slip.

Come and see us; we will save you money.

H. C. BARKLEY'S Spot Cash Shoe Store, EAST SECOND STREET.

EVENING BULLETIN.

DAILY, EXCEPT SUNDAY.

ROSSER & McCARTHY,
Proprietors.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1890

RAILROAD SCHEDULE.

CINCINNATI DIVISION CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO.

East. *West.*
No. 2..... 9:45 a. m. No. 1..... 5:33 a. m.
No. 20..... 7:45 p. m. No. 19..... 5:45 a. m.
No. 18..... 4:25 p. m. No. 17..... 10:03 a. m.
No. 4..... 8:20 p. m. No. 3..... 4:05 p. m.

Nos. 19 and 20 are the Maysville accommodation, and Nos. 17 and 18 the Ashland accommodation. Nos. 1 and 2 are the fast express and Nos. 3 and 4 the F. F. V.

The accommodation trains are daily except Sunday; the rest are daily.

Direct connection at Cincinnati for points West and South.

MAYSVILLE DIVISION KENTUCKY CENTRAL.
Arrive..... 10:25 a. m. 7:55 p. m.
Depart..... 6:15 p. m. 1:50 p. m.
All trains daily except Sunday.
Add twenty-six minutes to get city time.

INDICATIONS—"Heavy snow and rain; easterly winds; warmer."

TRY Cannon's Laundry. tf

It was an old-time Christmas.

FRESH confectioner's sugar—Calhoun's.

G. S. JUDD, insurance and collection agency.

EMPLOYERS' liability insurance—W. R. Warler. tf

Just the thing—a pair of slippers from Miner's. 17th

INSURE with Duley & Baldwin, agents for reliable companies only.

THREE bridal parties took dinner yesterday at the Central Hotel.

FIRE insurance, reliable companies. tf D. M. RUNYON, agt., Court St.

MR. JOHN WHEELER has the thanks of the BULLETIN for a lot of fine oysters.

SMOKE "Nancy Hanks," "Phoenix" and "Prodigal" cigars—Geo. W. Childs, special brands. tf

BENSON ORR, of this city, sent in eighty-five Santa Claus pictures to the Cincinnati Enquirer.

REV. W. J. E. CCX gave a stereopticon entertainment at the Ripley M. E. Church Christmas Eve.

MR. JOSIAH SIMONS and Miss Lilian Harding were married Christmas eve at the M. E. Church in Chester.

SLEEPLESSNESS, nervous prostration, nervous dyspepsia, dullness, blues, cured by Dr. Miles' Nervine. Samples free at J. J. Wood's.

T. J. BOYD and his best girl, of Lancaster, Ky., celebrated Christmas by eloping to Aberdeen, where they were made one by "Squire Beasley."

A PARTY name! Eunis shot and wounded his brother-in-law Dan Connors, Wednesday, near Dexter. None of the particulars have been learned.

THE Cleveland World says: "The road to fame is a good deal like a country road in the spring. The traveler is pretty sure to get covered with mud."

THE Sunday school entertainment at Mitchell's Chapel, Chester, will not be held this evening. It has been postponed on account of the inclement weather.

THE roof of the cooper shop at the "Old Gold Mills" was crushed in last night by the weight of the snow and sleet. The building was completed last week.

Stock in the Mason County Building Association is a safe and very profitable investment. Call on the officers or Directors and subscribe for shares in the eleventh series. 23d2t

EXTRA inducements in prices are offered by the Frank Owens Hardware Company on their large stock of coal vases and fire sets, and pearl and ivory-handle knives and forks and plated spoons to close out the goods by Jan. 1st. tf

THE heavy snow and sleet proved too much for the street railway, and the cars have not been running since last evening.

DON'T buy Christmas presents until you see Ballenger's elegant stock of jewelry, clocks and silk umbrellas. He has some lovely novelties that are as suitable as anything you can find for a Christmas gift.

THE Cincinnati Enquirer says "The Fat Men's Club" is a farce comedy, full of fun pure and simple, bright music, singing and dancing, without a line to offend. See it at the opera house next Monday night.

MR. CHARLES M. HANCOCK, salesman at Frank Owens Hardware Company's establishment, was handsomely remembered by his employers. They presented him with a fine Christmas gift in the shape of an elegant gold watch.

THE Christmas business of the Adams Express Company at this place in 1889 amounted to \$1,498. This year it amounted to nearly \$1,900. This is a fair index to the Christmas trade in Maysville. The merchants generally report it larger than usual.

THE Frank Owens Hardware Company state that in order to close out as many goods as possible by January 1st they have reduced the price in all their fine Christmas goods, such as brass fire sets, coal vases, fine carvers and forks, child's knives, forks and spoons, fine table cutlery, &c., &c.

THE marriage of Mr. W. B. Mathews, Jr., son of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Mathews, to Miss Susan Avery Hays, daughter of Rev. Dr. Hays, of Hayswood Seminary, will take place January 1st, at 3 o'clock p. m. Their future home will be at Los Angeles, Cal., where Mr. Mathews has lived for the past year or so.

MR. HENRY FRONAN died Wednesday morning at his home in the Fifth ward, after a lingering illness from consumption. He was about thirty-five years of age. His wife survives him. He was buried this morning at 10 o'clock. The Amazon Fire Company, of which he had been a member for several years, had charge of the funeral services.

A FREE-FOR-ALL, knock-down fight was under good headway at Diener's saloon on Market street last night, when Marshal Heflin appeared on the scene and stretched three of the participants out on the floor "in less than no time." The Captain's prompt work took all the fight out of the boys, and it was the quietest crowd on the street in a very few minutes. Several of the participants bear marks of the battle.

JOHN MOORE, a strapping big negro, tried to take possession of the ladies' coach of the outgoing K. C. train yesterday afternoon just before the train left the depot. Deputy Marshal Crawford was sent for and the fellow tried to clean out Joe. The officer broke his club over the negro's head, and had to threaten to use his "pop" before Moore quieted down. Moore was landed in the lockup and will answer before Mayor Pearce to-day.

MR. W. H. SNOW, inventor of Snow's process of curing tobacco, in a letter to the Western Tobacco Journal says: "We spent four days in Maysville with Dr. J. M. Frazee. These Kentuckians have the art of taking in the stranger down to perfection. In fifteen minutes they make you feel perfectly at home, and you might, with propriety, order your slippers and pipe. One is inclined to be homesick when he has to leave. The Doctor is a dealer in grain, grass seed and leaf tobacco, and a farmer, and grows the weed, and will build two modern barns on his farm this winter. Several of his neighbors will follow his example, which is the regular thing to do where the Doctor is known. He will represent the modern barn in his section of Kentucky and Ohio."

"Fat Men's Club."

"The Fat Men's Club," a musical comedy, will be the next attraction at the opera house. Next Monday night is the date and you should not miss it. It was recently played at Cincinnati and the Enquirer says: "A large audience in the afternoon and a packed house at night witnessed 'The Fat Men's Club' at Haylin's Theatre, and it is safe to say that no two audiences ever left this popular house more pleased. How the people did laugh. The laughter began in the front rows of the orchestra, rippled through the house to the balcony and back again, rebounding from the gallery. 'The Fat Men's Club' is a rollicking farce comedy, and is just exactly what the words farce comedy mean—fun, pure and simple, with bright music, singing and dancing, without a single line to offend. J. C. Stewart, as Prof. Baton, was inimitable—always natural, never overdrawn, and, though placed in the most ridiculous positions, always comes up smiling and ready for the next round. The supporting company is one of unusual strength, composed of capable people who each add to the attractiveness of the performance."

Tickets now on sale at Harry Taylor's. Admission: Down stairs, 75 cents, balcony 50, gallery 25.

CHRISTMAS was ushered in with a blinding storm that raged throughout the day. The fall of "the beautiful" was the heaviest for years in this section.

THE Mason County Building Association will open its eleventh series January 3rd. Subscribe for stock and place your money where it draws interest from the day it is paid in. 23d2t

CHARLES PORTER and Maggie Rice, of Tilton, Fleming County, braved the blinding snow storm yesterday, and tied themselves to Aberdeen where they were united in the bonds of matrimony by "Squire Beasley."

ALBERT GREEN, colored, got too much liquor aboard yesterday and tried to clean out Eitel's saloon, but Deputy Marshal Bland put a stop to the proceedings and landed Green in the station house. Green resisted, but was laid out on the snow by a blow from the officer's billy.

River News.

The Pittsburg coal fleet is passing today.

The Sherley and Hudson are due down this evening and the Bonanza to-night.

Due up: Telegraph and Andes after 12 o'clock.

MINER'S AXIMS

When You Have Found a

GOOD Article Use and

Recommend It.

Discoverers are the pioneers of progress.

Columbus discovered America, and the world has received the benefit of his efforts. Early in the century Miner discovered the qualities which combine to form a good shoe, and ever since the public have used and recommended HIS Shoes.

Worth determines value; and constant use is a test of merit. Miner's Shoes have stood the test of years, and their real worth is seen in the value they afford the user.

Use determines cost; and the purchasing value of a dollar depends upon the actual amount of wear which an article will sustain in relation to its cost.

The wearing qualities of Miner's Shoes make them cost less than those which may be cheaper in price, but dearer in wear.

SELLING GOOD SHOES.

HOLIDAY GOODS.

We beg leave to announce to our friends, patrons and the public in general that we have a choice line of Staple Holiday Goods, and respectfully invite all to come and see them before purchasing elsewhere. See our "rebus," which will be enclosed in each purchase of goods until the 15th of January, 1891. Thanking you for your liberal patronage in the past, we are very respectfully,

POWER & REYNOLDS, POSTOFFICE DRUG STORE.

CHRISTMAS

Close upon us now don't forget it. We have everything needed for presents. We buy in whole quantities and sell at a corresponding low price. Read carefully these prices, then call at our desk to see the goods.

* A gift for Albums, only \$1; no other house sells it for less than \$1.25. See our Album at \$1.99.

Brush comb, Brush and Manure Sets at reduced prices—from \$6 to \$3.50.

Gold Pens in 18 percent. of action. An elegant Gold Pen with fine Ivory Holder, \$1.25.

Original Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, with stand complete for \$5.

International Dictionary, cheapest list \$17, our price \$15.

Teachers' and Family Bibles and everything at reasonable prices. Call at once in order to get one of the above bargains. Respectfully,

Kackley & McDougle SECOND STREET.

Be Truly Sensible
And buy the best—the most desirable
HATS
And Furnishing Goods are those sold by
NELSON
SHIRTS MADE TO ORDER.

FOR PURE DRUGS, AT REASONABLE PRICES, GO TO

THOS. J. CHENOWETH'S DRUG STORE.

Prescriptions: Filled: With: Care!



McClanahan & Shea,

Dealers in

STOVES,

Mantels, Grates, Tinware,

TIN-ROOFING,

GUTTERING,

and SPOUTING.

Job Work of all Kinds Executed in Best Manner.

Hermann Lange's New Jewelry Store,

IN CINCINNATI, IS AT

North Corner Arcade and Vine Street.

FOR THE REMAINDER OF THE SEASON

We will sell WALL PAPERS at prices to suit our customers and regardless of cost. Come and see. White Blanks at 5c; Gilt, advertised by others at 10 to 12 1/2c, our price 7c, and so on all through the list. We won't stand on price. Come and see.

*PICTURE FRAMING at reduced prices, equal to Cincinnati work.

DON'T FORGET GREENWOOD'S FOR BARGAINS.

THE DEPARTURE.

Oft when a train moves by we feel regret
To see the faces pass, although unknown;
While who may tell the heart's unuttered moan
O'er one dear face that, when we e'er forgot
The others all, stays with us, vivid yet
By features, smiles and words, which, having
flown
About us like pet birds, their each sweet tone
And look are ever in our pathway met;
So when of two one leaves the House of Time,
The other, waiting, cannot help but grieve
For the lost friend, to whom in sorrow's clime
Each memory in its loneliness must cleave;
While the sad soul tries through its requiem
rhyme
A few tear glistening strains of hope to weave.
—William Struthers.

Smoked Himself to Death.

The most fantastic story told is that of the strange and slow suicide of the Baron Olynyi, at Pesth, in the year 1875. The baron was supposed to be very wealthy. He had a wife and six children. He lost his money in speculation, but this was not known. He went to Paris and insured his life for 100,000 guineas each in five companies. He returned to Pesth and his habits began to change. He absented himself from home for long periods every day. The picture of health, he began to droop and pine away. In ten months he died of what the doctors called galloping consumption. The insurance companies were suspicious, and their detectives unearthed a most wonderful plot.

This nobleman was discovered to have hired a small room in a remote and mean portion of the city. It was broken into and found to be furnished with a comfortable sofa, a table, two chairs and two chests. In one of these was found a comfortable dressing gown, a pair of loose Turkish trousers, a fez, and a dozen long pipes. In the other were found about 200 strong Havana cigars and a half pound of common smoking tobacco. From the wrappers found in the bottom of the chest it would appear that in less than eight months the nobleman had smoked about 3,500 cigars, and about 100 pounds of smoking tobacco, having deliberately poisoned himself with nicotine.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

One of the Saddest of Cemeteries.

Mr. Walter Besant once wrote a pathetic description of the church yard at Bournemouth, where so many young folks are buried, but the following note from Johannesburg tells still more pathetic tale: "One of the saddest sights in the world is the cemetery at Johannesburg. It is a heart breaking place. A piece of raw veal on the slope of a hill above the town has been inclosed, and this is the last resting place of between twelve and fourteen hundred people, the larger portion of whom are young fellows between nineteen and thirty, who rushed up here convinced that a few months would see them rich for life.

Most of the graves are nameless, but all are numbered. Just beyond the cemetery is a glittering mountain. When the sun shines on it it sparkles with a thousand prismatic colors and looks like the entrance to the palace of diamonds where the fairy Florizella lives; but, in reality it is merely the place to which all the rubbish of Johannesburg is carted, and, as apparently half the food of the town comes out of tins, the result is a meretricious splendor quite in keeping with the other attractions of "Goldopolis." —London News.

Whence Come the Red Indians?

One of her majesty's inspectors was once examining a class in reading, when he put the following question to a child who had just read a paragraph to him, "Now, concerning these red Indians, my child, which are mentioned in the first portion of your paragraph, where do they live?"

The little examinee was evidently determined not to lose her "excellent" mark for general knowledge and intelligence; so, after a few moments' hesitation, she answered, "In wigwams, sir!"

"Yes, just so," reluctantly assented the inspector; "but I wish you to tell me in what country they live?"

The girl felt that she was "cornered," but with praiseworthy resolution she endeavored to rise equal to the occasion. So—although her lips were trembling with nervous excitement—she looked up into the inspector's face and replied, "Please, sir, in Red India!"—Chambers' Journal.

How Hardtack Is Made.

Not one person in 100,000 knows how the army "hardtack" is made. Let me induce the world into the mystery. You take some flour, a pinch of salt, a little water, mix the three ingredients well, cut the preparation into regulation size and then proceed to bake the same. Time hardens the "tack" and improves it. When it gets to the consistency of granite it is at its best. The hardtack has imprinted on its face the letters B. C., because they were so hard to masticate the boys in the army interpreted the initials to mean that they were made before the birth of Christ.—Interview in St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A Ghastly Discovery.

M. Gorex, a learned physician of Burgos, recently ascertained the fact that the figure on the crucifix in the cathedral at that place is a real human body, in a perfect state of preservation. It is said to have been in its present position since the beginning of the Eleventh century.—St. Louis Republic.

In his long life of 80 years P. T. Barnum has had a most versatile career. Before becoming a traveling showman he had been successively the proprietor of an oyster saloon, an editor, a bartender, a negro minstrel, a boarding house keeper, dramatic critic, preacher, bank president, author and partner in a clock factory. He finally found his true vocation.

In cold countries like Canada the ears are often forced to grow in an unnatural way by the custom of forcing the caps down over the skull and making the ears stick out. It is only American ears which get frostbitten in Canada. The ears of the natives are inured to excessive cold.

The few clever after dinner speakers in our country have a national reputation for no other reason than because the art is so rare, while the really great theologians, lyceum speakers and political orators are scarcely more than one to every half million of our population.

The fiber of the hop vine—now used in France for paper—has great length, strength, flexibility and delicacy, and is claimed to be the best substitute for rags yet obtained.

WHAT FLOWERS DO FOR FOLK.

Observations on How They Affect a Man's Character and Appearance.

The talk about the overwork and under-pay of many sorts of laborers tempts a thoughtful person to take a rather critical attitude with regard to his luxuries. An enjoyment is easily spoiled by the twinge of reminding conscience, which insists that the pleasure has been secured through the unduly painful toil of another.

But at least one delightful extravagance is entirely free from this taint of the primal curse. Flowers have no clinging associations of unhappy workers in squalid surroundings, but call instead to the minds of those who know them the most contented class of manual laborers to be found in the world. Among a good many florists and gardeners whom I have known I cannot remember a single dissatisfied or pessimistic one. They are always a little pathetic to look at, because constant stooping makes round shoulders one of the marks of the trade, and their general effect of unprosperousness is heightened by their prevailing indifference to personal neatness. Indeed, their fondness for the soil is almost always so great that they are not at all troubled when an astonishing amount of it adheres to them, and merely to say that a gardener is a better fellow than he looks expresses very feebly the virtues of the calling.

And the interest these men show in their work! My gardeners have an almost maternal fondness for their plants. "Would you like to see my household of sick roses?" one asked me once.

"Of course I should," I replied, expecting to see some depressing spectacle of languishing vegetation. Instead, I was shown a roomful of sturdy bushes of all ages, but alike in the lustiness of their growth.

"You see, in every lot which comes from the nursery there are some which haven't stood the journey, and which would never do to sell," said my florist friend. "Their value is not much, but I cannot bear to throw them away, and a little extra care makes them what you see here."

"Isn't the time worth more than the young plants?"

"Of course it is. But I enjoy giving the weak ones a bit of a petting."

I have often noticed that generosity is almost a trade characteristic of florists. It does not take the form of making their wares unnaturally cheap, but they are more willing than other merchants to give a little more than they have to. With most of the craft a dozen means fifteen, and I have rarely found one who would not ask a customer to take an extra rose for a boutonniere. They seem to feel that flowers were created to be given and not sold, and offer this little implied apology for the sordid necessity which makes them barter their lovely merchandise.

Nothing pleases them better than a customer who is himself an enthusiast, and it would be hard to convince them of the baseness of a real flower lover. I went once to the florist who had lately stocked my little garden with a complaint that the plants had all been stolen.

"Stole your plants, did they?" repeated he, with a quaint Scotch accent. Then, thinking that the catastrophe appealed to me in a moral rather than a commercial light: "But they canna ha' been verru bad if they liked flers well eno' to steal 'em." —Cor. Kate Field's Washington.

Fattening Terrapin Without Food.

We get terrapin from a little town down in Maryland, where they are bought up from the fishermen who catch them in nets in Chesapeake bay.

"There are diamond backs in other southern waters—here is one that came from Savannah—but none are supposed to have the exquisite taste of those caught in the Chesapeake."

"How long will they live?"

"For three or four months, and strange to say get fatter the longer they are kept. All the food they get is a little sea grass put down for them to waddle about in."

The average terrapin isn't over seven inches long, and in the shell don't weigh over two pounds. The late Mr. Wormley, of hotel fame, was a connoisseur in diamond backs, and bought as many as 300 at a time. He put them away in a remote room, where no light entered, so that they wouldn't stir about, locomotion being a hindrance to the fattening process.—Interview in Washington Post.

Guarding Against Counterfeit Bills.

The Lounger was sitting in a notary's office the other day when a man came in to make an affidavit to some papers. The notary's charge was twenty-five cents, and the man handed him a \$2 bill.

"Do you know whose picture that is?" the notary asked in a genial tone, pointing to the portrait on the bill.

"That's Hancock," replied the stranger.

"Is it?" The notary did not seem to be certain about it, and putting on his glasses he held the bill up to the light and scanned it closely.

"Yes," he said at last. "I guess you are right. It is Hancock." Then the stranger received his change and went away.

"I always do that with people I don't know," said the notary to the Lounger when the stranger had gone. "You see it gives me a fine chance to see if the bill is a counterfeit."—New York Tribune.

Gun Protection.

The importance of proper gun protection has not been always recognized. For a time France built ships in which the heavy guns and their crews were protected with thin shields only, while the water line was heavily armored. Now, many French writers are in favor of removing the water line armor entirely. France was not alone in following the form of construction mentioned, but she is the most striking example.

All nations have at times constructed vessels with weakly armored batteries. "The life of the ship must be preserved," has been the watchword, but of what use a vessel can be whose chief means of defense is destroyed is not very apparent.

New York Herald.

A Millionaire's Remark.

Henry W. Sage, the great lumber merchant, once said to a reporter: "I am considered a millionaire [he is a ten millionaire, by the way]. I don't know what I am worth, but I do know that if I could find in all the world fifty men who would work for me with the enthusiasm, persistence and sagacity with which you men work for your papers I would be worth ten times as much as is to my credit to day."—New York Sun.

CHRISTMAS

PRESENTS

USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL

Unequaled Display of

DRESS GOODS

Baskets,

Umbrellas,

Handkerchiefs,

Plush Boxes,

Muffs,

Kid Gloves,

Stamped Linens,

Screens,

Towels,

Cloaks,

Evening Fans,

Carpets,

Rugs, &c., at very low prices, at

HÖFLICH'S,

MARKET STREET.



I WISH I HAD ONE.

Two or three dollars for a Five A Horse Blanket will save double its cost. Your horse will eat less to keep it warm and be worth \$50 more.

All kinds of Plush and Fur Buggy Robes at the lowest price.

GEO. SCHROEDER,

Opposite Opera House.

Read This.

We desire to inform our friends and the public generally that we have opened a

GROCERY and PRODUCE STORE,

on Market street, west side, and will be pleased to have you call. We promise a fair count and polite attention to all. Goods delivered to any part of the city. Respectfully,

WEIAND & FROST,

WEST SIDE MARKET ST.

Big Sale of Christmas Goods.

Queensware, Glassware, Toys, Dolls of all kinds, to close them out. They must go through by Christmas, because we are going to quit the business. There will be money in your pockets.

H. OBERSTEIN.

INCOMPREHENSIBLE.

Why you will exchange your old sewing machine and pay a difference of \$40 or \$50 when you can have it repaired and made as good as new? All kinds repaired and warranted. Twenty-five years experience. Leave orders with E. H. Thomas, 39 Second street, custom boot and shoe store.

H. M. WILLIAMS. Adjuster.

DR. SAM'L PANGBURN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE, 31 THIRD STREET.

JOHN W. BOULDEN,

—General—

INSURANCE AGENT.

Fire, Tornado, Lightning, Accident and Life Insurance. Reliable indemnity. Reasonable rates. Tornado Insurance a specialty. Office: First National Bank.

DR. PARIS WHEELER

Has returned from the Royal Veterinary College at Edinburgh, Scotland, and offers his services to the stockmen and farmers of Mason and adjoining counties. He hangs his banner on the outer wall.

16-3t

T. J. CURLEY,

Sanitary Plumber

GAS AND STEAM FITTER.

Artistic Chandeliers, Oil Lamps, Etc. Second street, opposite State National Bank.

JOHN W. CARTMELL,

DENTIST.

Office over Dr. Owens' office, on south side of Third, two doors West of Market. address

Do You Intend to Purchase a Cloak This Season?

If so, read what we have to say:

One lot of Striped Newmarkets at \$3, worth \$5 and \$7.

One lot of Plain Newmarkets at \$5, worth \$10.

About ten or twelve handsome Newmarkets that sold at \$15, \$18 and \$20, at only \$10.

Plush Jackets at \$8.50, \$10 and \$12.

Fur Children's Cloaks, extra nice quality, reduced to cost. Bargains in Underwear, Wool Hosiery and heavy Gloves.

Ladies should bear in mind that our stock of Black Dress Goods is the largest and best assorted in the city, and our prices, as usual, are the lowest. Come and see us.

BROWNING & CO.

SECOND STREET.

THE BEE HIVE!

Magnificent Line of Useful and Beautiful Holiday Presents.

GREAT VARIETY OF DOLLS AND TOYS!

In no other house in this section of the country will you find so large and varied a line of goods suitable for Christmas Presents, and nowhere in this whole glorious country will you find lower prices.

A large Unbreakable Doll at 18c., sold elsewhere at 35c.; Dolls at 5, 8, 10 and up to \$2.75.

Handkerchiefs and Mufflers in endless variety. Beautiful Hand stitched Handkerchiefs, for Ladies or Gentlemen, at 5, 8, 15,